

# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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Correspondence from practical farmers, giving the results of their experience, is solicited. Letters should be signed with the writer's real name, in full, which will be printed or not, as the writer may wish.

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Apples generally are abundant and there promises to be a demand for the late varieties. Considerable stock is being shipped to the markets. Lambs bring five cents a pound live weight and swine about the same.

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Franklin County, Vt.

#### Farmers' Fairs.

The following answers have been received to a request of Commissioner A. W. Gilman for the suggestions of prominent Maine farmers on the subject of agricultural fairs:

I believe that no society should receive aid from the State unless it gives as much money for premiums on farm stock and farm products as it pays in trotting purses. —E. C. Dow, Waldo County, Me.

Covers up nothing and give all the exhibitors an equal chance. Committees should bear in mind that it is not always the largest and the best which deserve the premiums. —S. F. Emerson, Somerset County, Me.

Have a time set for each event and insist on having it on schedule time. The waiting keeps people dull and dissatisfied. —J. P. Moulton, York County, Me.

I think it would be well to have several traveling bureaus of information, or in other words, persons of good address to answer questions, and do it pleasantly and kindly. —J. P. Moulton, York County, Me.

The exhibition of live stock at our fairs is the one, and about the only thing of benefit to agriculture. It costs a great deal, both in time and in money, to exhibit a herd of dairy cows at a fair, and it affects their products in a great degree, and I believe those who exhibit ought to be well paid for it, much better than they are. —John H. Harmon, York County, Me.

With fruits and vegetables, the one who raised them should be present to give instruction to any one who desired it in regard to his method of handling the crop from the seed to the harvest. And with animals the owner should give his method of raising them from infancy to the mature animal. —Prentiss Day, York County, Me.

When a man begins to improve his animals he will most likely take an interest in the agricultural fair from the standpoint of enlarging the scope and increasing the exhibits, and will spend his time largely around the stalls and pens instead of around the fairs and midway, where you will almost always find the men who keep scrub animals. —George Plummer, Penobscot County, Me.

Let the plows, harrows and all kinds of tools be worked, so that farmers can see which is best. —Charles B. Smith, Oxford County, Me.

Police protection is entirely inadequate to properly protect the patrons. On the whole, I think it would be better for the agricultural interests if more aid was given by the State, so that objectionable features could be entirely eliminated from our agricultural fairs. —H. Littlefield, Penobscot County, Me.

Instead of plowing contests, would it not be well to have contests as to which could plow the straightest furrow and keep it so, handle the plow best in rocky ground, handle a double team best, manage a four-horse team or three horses, or mill a cow the neatest and quickest. —V. T. Landall, Aroostook County, Me.

The most benefit of the fair to the farmer is in getting up a competition to see who will raise the best crop and showing these products to the people and telling them how they are raised, that they may learn something from each other. —Joseph Ellis, Waldo County, Me.

Preparing Bees for Winter.

The last week in August I was in one of our Franklin County towns and saw hay still uncut. I also noticed some still standing on low land where it had been too wet to harvest it. The many stalks to be seen indicate a large crop.

Where not too wet there is a large growth of corn, mostly of the fodder varieties, as there is now but comparatively little grown to husk. On the farm of the writer the filling of the silo was commenced Monday. On part of the land there is an enormous growth, so large as to make it hard to handle. It is better cured than last year.

There was an unusually large growth of potato tops, but they commenced to rust early, and, of course, that put a stop to further growth and development. There is some complaint of rot, especially with early kinds.

I think these are more susceptible to the disease for some reason than the later ones. On our own farm some were dug just before the rain commenced of an early variety known as the Irish Cobbler. The yield was large and good, with only an occasional diseased one. The crop is being injured quite a good deal by the grubs. For this reason they should be out of the ground as soon as possible.

It is to be feared that the grubs are doing quite a little damage this year. I had no time in two cornfields on the farm that there were patches that looked as if they had been stricken with the frost. The growth of the stalk was small, the leaves became dead and dry, and it was a wonder

what had caused this condition of things. Close by these affected spots the growth would be large and healthy. Yesterday I pulled up some of these hills and found that they came up easily and that there were hardly any roots. They appeared to be eaten off quite close to the stalk. It was found that grubs were the cause of the trouble.

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The greatest and most detrimental disadvantage where the combs in the brood nest are filled with unsealed syrup is that it is impossible, should a cold snap occur, for the bees to form that compact mass which is an absolute necessity for the generation of the requisite heat for their safety during the winter through lack of empty combs in which to cluster.

The quantity of brood in the hive should at the same time also be noted. See that the queens are laying well, as the success of the next season depends largely upon the number of bees reared in the autumn, and which come through the winter. When colonies winter well they are ready for a good start the following spring, because the queen's laying powers are governed by the amount of brood the bees present in the hive can cover, and, whatever the weather, there is always sufficient population in a powerful stock to warrant a continuance of breeding without intermission, providing always that they have sufficient food, or are supplied with it. An old queen, as the practical eye, is easily detected, and, apart from appearance, the quantity of brood is a fairly safe indication of her failing powers or otherwise. These old and decrepit queens should be removed and replaced by young, vigorous ones, and after a successful introduction follow up with slow feeding and the requisite weight for wintering up stored in the hive.

Moratoriums of two years render the management twice a year, viz., when the old bees die off after the close of the honey harvest, and again in the spring, when the foragers have to risk their lives for the necessities of the brood nest during the cold, chilling winds of March. These depictions of the population are what the wide-awake apistar devotees to remove the make provision for. That of the autumn, after the removal of supers, when the old bees die off in myriads, may be remedied by stimulative feeding, which will, at the same time, insure a good population for the following spring and enable the colony the better to withstand the numerous losses of that period. ELLIOTT.

New York.

Life on the Cranberry Bogs.

When the owner decides to start picking he selects his overseers or bosses. They make it known that they are ready to engage pickers by telling the village store-keeper, who is the recognized news medium everywhere on the Cape. The bosses visit the bog where the picking is to begin on the day before the season is open, and "stake out" rows for the pickers. These rows are from four to ten feet wide, their width depending on the supply of berries.

The bosses prohibit the use of pickers on the ground that they tear the vines. Then the men, regardless of appearance, make no preparations except here and there an expert who is permitted by the boss to use a "picker." The picker is an intricate arrangement of wires and handles invented by some experienced cranberry owner to save labor. Many of the bosses prohibit the use of pickers, on the ground that they tear the vines. Then the men of the house bring out the "men-are" which have laid idle for nearly a year. These are the low, fat pals which are used to pick in. They are of two kinds, four-quart measures and six-quart measures, with the quart lines indicated by ridges in the sides of the pail. The full-grown men use six-quart measures and pick "honest," but the small boys are the bone of the boss's life. As soon as his four-quart measure is given to him, the small boy quietly slips out of the kitchen, and holding the tin pail in both hands, brings it home with full strength across his back. To one unfamiliar to the ways of Cape Cod men, this operation appears to be a mere waste of time, but the small boy knows best. A deep dent in the bottom of the pail is the result of the heavy bump, and the capacity of the four-quart measure is reduced nearly a pint. In a day's picking—perhaps twenty or thirty measures—this does not mean fifteen quarts of berries which the boy has not picked.

When all is ready the family, including men, women and grandchildren, for everybody picks—regardless of the weather, i. e., sunny side, it would increase the space between the bogs and the colony, and would thus be detrimental in winter. Occasionally flights are necessary during winter for cleansing purposes, and some bee-keepers even go to the trouble of inserting glass sides to their hives to obtain the desired influence of the winter sun.

In all cases immediately upon the re-

turn of the honeybees spirit has found its way, and many wagons are laid on the quantity of berries which will be picked each day. Arrived at the bog, each picker is assigned to a row, which is his inalienable property for the day. If the picking turns out to be good he is in luck and may win his boss a superior picker who has been assigned to a poorer row.

By the side of the bog the bees have placed the sifters, a wire screen whose meshes are large enough to permit the passage of the berries, but retain the sticks and vines which in the scramble for supremacy have found their way into the measures. As each measure is filled the picker carries it to the screen and receives a ticket. For a four-quart measure the ticket is worth six cents and for a six-quart measure ten cents. During the cranberry season on Cape Cod these tickets are a current medium of exchange, and drive the national currency out of circulation.

The small boy with the dent in the bottom of his pail, by no means exhausted his ingenuity in his effort to save labor. When he has filled his measure up to the three-quart mark the spectator is surprised to see him starting the screen, although it is evident that the pail will hold at least another quart. Such is it as may seem, when the boy reaches the screen the measure is brimming full. This transformation is accomplished by the process known as "shaking up." As the berries are picked into the measure, the weight of those above compress them below, and when the small boy "shakes up" the natural elasticity of the berries causes them to swell and form a shot that, long enough, for the boy to carry them to the screen, they retain their full dimensions. The average picking capacity of the women, girls and small boys ranges from forty to forty-four quarts measures a day. The men who have been known to turn in two hundred six-quart measures, earning \$20 for their day's work. The best of them, however, do not average higher than eighty measures a day for the season. N. Y. Sun.

—F. J. T. —

## Dairy.

**Handling the Milk.**  
Immediately the milk is drawn from the cow it should be strained through a wire and muslin strainer.

All buckets, cans and other utensils with which the milk is brought in contact should be made of tin. Rusty vessels should never be used.

The milk vessels should be kept clean and sweet, and washed with cold or tepid water first, then scalded with boiling water or steam, and finished with a rinsing of lime water. They should afterwards be drained out, sunned and aired.

Milk from newly-calved cows should not be used for skimming till after the eighth milking. Milk of some such cows is not fit for butter making for even a longer period, and should not be used until it is in suitable condition.

The milk should be cooled quickly to as low a temperature as possible, and this should be done in a clean place where there is no dust or smell.

It should be kept in a place where the atmosphere is free from foul or injurious odors. That which is left without the shelter of a roof should be protected from sun or rain by some other ingenious means.

A thermometer should be used to enable every dairymen to know the difference between the temperature of the atmosphere and available water, also the temperature of his dairy, milk and cream.

The cans of milk should be kept in the coldest place. Night and morning's supply of milk should be kept in separate vessels, but may be mixed when at the same temperature.

Persons engaged in milking should always clean and tidy in their habits.

Wherever possible a well should be sunk, so as to secure a permanent supply of cold water.

## Good Milkers.

A really good milker is probably a greater rarity than a really good cow. All dairy farmers know how hard a master it is to get a first-class milker, who will draw the milk rapidly from the udder without hurting that delicate organ, and yet get every drop the cow is capable of giving. The cow is a sensitive creature and requires to be handled in a very gentle manner, and no portion of her body is more sensitive than her udder. It is a great relief to the cow to have her distended udder relieved of the milk that is in it, but, to do her best, she expects that the milk shall be drawn quickly, but gently—not by unnecessary tugging at the teats, but by gentle, rapid pressure, and with a downward movement of the fingers.

It goes without saying that the cows should be milked regularly, at the same hour each day, and always by the same milker. A change in the time of milking, or in the milker, means a decreased flow of milk until the cow becomes used to the ways of the new milker and there is a bond of sympathetic confidence established between him and the cow.

## Good Skimming.

The essential points in good skimming are even temperature, even speed, and even feed. Separators should be checked daily in their work to see if any loss of fat is taking place. Machines are liable to go out of best form from time to time. In early separating days an average loss of under 0.15 per cent. of fat in the skimmed milk was considered good, while at the present time any average loss of over 0.05 is considered bad skimming. Thus 0.1 per cent. of loss in a farmer's average production of four thousand gallons a year means in twelve months about fifty pounds of butter not recovered. It will thus be seen that it pays to keep a sharp watch over the separators. The loss, of course, increases in accordance with more inefficient skimming of the machine.

Separate at a thickness producing about ten gallons from one hundred gallons of milk. Cool the cream immediately after separating. From underground tanks or wells cold water is always obtainable for this purpose. The cans of cream may be put down wells to keep them cool, or a small cellar, well drained, lighted and ventilated may be used. Sometimes it will be best to stand the cream in a tub containing a few inches of water. Wrap a piece of clean cloth reaching to the water round the cream vessel. The water will be drawn up the cloth and evaporate, thereby cooling the cream.

A temperature of 80° is laid down as the most suitable temperature for skimming. At that temperature the cream is taken off cleaner and more readily than at a lower one. Good work can be done at a much lower temperature than 80°, but to do so the milk must be passed through the machine more slowly. There is a danger of the cream clogging when skimming at a low temperature.

A sheet of lead should be dressed neatly over the top of the block before the separator is finally bolted in its place. There is then no difficulty in keeping the machine and its surroundings clean and sweet, as the grease cannot soak in.

For old and rough buildings an application lasting and much cheaper than paint is made from skimmed milk and lime colored somewhat with yellow or red. It is made like whitewash and the proportions are not important. The lime will settle to the bottom and the mixture should be stirred when using. It should be applied in the form of a thin coat and looks as well as paint at a short distance away.—C. E. Chapman, Onondaga County, N. Y.

## Literature.

## THE MASTER WORD.

L. H. Hammond, in the above-named novel, has laid her scenes in the phosphate regions of Tennessee, and has produced a book that is essentially a story of the South of today. The main feature of the book related to the race problem, and has to do with a husband's sin and a wife's forgiveness when he has passed beyond the bounds of earthly retribution. After his death she cares for his child, though she is not its mother, and this girl lives to discover her parentage, and learn that, though she is more white than black, she must cast her lot with the negro race. There is a fine scene between these two women, in which the duty of forgiveness is fully exemplified, and the acceptance of the law and the living of the higher life are emphatically set forth. The pictures of the region where the principal incidents occur are realistic and often highly dramatic, and the characters are drawn with a firm hand, especially the negroes. Aunt Dilsey, who is a typical representative of the old Mammy of slavery times and the days of freedom that came after. Many of the happenings in this interesting volume occurred within the recollection of the

author, though all of them were not borrowed from the phosphate country, but took place elsewhere; but they are all, we are told, presented with a purpose to reflect Southern thoughts and hopes with absolute truthfulness. The tale will attract by the novelty of its situations and the faithfulness of its reproduction of a life with which few are familiar at the North. It is a convincing volume, in its way, because its author's heart was in her work, and is written with that fluency which seems to belong by right of heritage to the women of the South. (New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50.)

## THE LETTERS OF THEODOORA.

A novel in the epistolary style, told with unusual cleverness, is "The Letters of Theodora," by Adelaide L. Rouse. It concerns principally the struggles of a literary woman from the West in New York. Her manuscripts are returned from the publishers again and again, but she perseveres under many discouragements in her efforts to succeed, and manages to keep the wolf from the door by the practice of many small economies. Her struggles are amply detailed in her letters to a friend, a teacher, who also has literary aspirations, and there is much wit and wisdom in her reflections on her condition, for she is never entirely cast down, though often in what she deems desperate straits. A pleasing love story runs through the narrative, and the heroine is once engaged to a man whom she does not really love, but she courageously gives him up as a matter of duty. Then, after obtaining an opportunity to go abroad, she wed the man that she really cared for, who has been her benefactor under an assumed name. With matrimonial happiness comes the reading of the page proofs of the novel of whose value she has long been in doubt, but which promises to make a hit as a really good thing. The style of the book is familiar, but by no means vulgar, and is well adapted to the telling of a story which has no tragedy, but is apparently a clever transcript of real life under the many embarrassing circumstances of genteel poverty. (New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50.)

## ARIZONA SKETCHES.

One of the best books relating to the Southwest that has been published recently is "Arizona Sketches," by Joseph A. Munk, M. D. It is a handsome publication printed on thick glazed paper, and the illustrations it contains admirably supplement the handsome make-up and the lucid text. The author is evidently thoroughly familiar with his subjects, and no aspect of life in Arizona is overlooked in his interesting pages. He calls it a romantic land in which every object has an air of strangeness to the visitor who comes fresh from the East. Its growth, he tells us, has been retarded by its remote position in Uncle Sam's domain, but with the comparatively recent advent of the railroad, the influx of capital and population and the suppression of the once-dreaded Apache, a new life has been awakened that is destined to redeem the country from its ancient

include men from every position in social and professional life. Considerable space is given to a description of the Sierra Bonita ranch of Col. Henry C. Hooker, a typical Yankee, who has spent the greater part of his life on the frontier. His ranch is a large and commodious one-story adobe structure built in the Spanish style of a rectangle, with all the doors opening upon a central court. Ample reference is made to the cliff dwellers, who have left behind so many remnants of their existence long ago, and near the close of the book there is an account of the Moqui Indians, who appear to be a gentle and inoffensive people, devoted to their families. They set a good example to settlers, for if a dispute occurs among them it is submitted to a peace council of old men, whose decision is obeyed without a murmur. Their few industries supply a sufficient income to meet their modest needs. Arizona has a fine climate, is fully shown in the concluding pages of a book, which brings the territory in all its phases fully before the mind of the reader, and leaves behind an entirely agreeable impression. There are seven distinct life zones—running the entire gamut from the Arctic to the Tropic—in a radius of twenty-five miles, and the variety of life which is found cannot be duplicated anywhere on the globe. (New York: The Grafton Press. Price, \$5 net.)

## THEODOORA AND THEODORA.

An issue in the Cozy Corner Series that will be thoroughly appreciated by intelligent young readers is "Theodore and Theodora," by Marian W. Wildman, the author of "Loyalty Island." The hero and heroine of this charming juvenile story are a pair of twins, who are forever getting into trouble through their thoughtless dispositions. They are not bad at heart, but their animal spirits and fertile imaginations lead them to do many, many things far removed from the ordinary escapades of childhood. Their adventures are constantly amusing, but through the efforts of the members of an association called The Society Without an Object, they are reformed. The action of the story takes place while they are visiting some cousins who are better behaved, and who endeavor to curb the restlessness of their guests. A little discipline is tried upon them which does not result as happily as was anticipated, but it leads up to an act of heroism that brings the tale to a felicitous conclusion. The dialogue is exceedingly clever, the incidents lively and not over-drawn, and a brighter and more natural group of boys and girls has not appeared in fiction for many a day. The illustrations by Ethelred B. Barry follow the story with artistic faithfulness. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, 50 cents.)

## IN THE MAINE WOODS.

Perhaps those who postpone their vacations until the autumn are wiser than those who take them earlier in the year. At least, it would seem so, after a perusal of a fine guide book, issued by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company. Many of the pictures in this publication are full-page colored ones, and all are inspir-

ing.

—IN THE MAINE WOODS.

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**Poultry.**

**A Successful Poultry Farm.**  
Situated in the southwestern part of Jefferson County, only a few miles from the shore of Lake Ontario, is one of the most profitable egg farms in northern New York. It is called Woodsides Poultry Farm, and was established about six years ago by G. Monroe Wood, who, prior to that time, had for twenty-five years conducted a hotel at Lake View, which is near where he still resides.

**A GOOD BEGINNING.**

Poor health on his wife's part obliged him to give up running a hotel, and as she was very fond of fowls they at length concluded to buy the fifty acres of land which constitutes Woodsides Poultry Farm and engage in the poultry business. Before proceeding to do so, however, they acted very wisely by visiting a number of the best poultry farms in the Empire State for the purpose of obtaining information relative to the care of poultry. Profiting in this way by the experience of others, they started into the business on a small and safe basis.

**THEIR FIRST PURCHASE.**

consisted of twenty-five yearling White Leghorn hens (single combs) and two cockerels of the Wyekoff strain. To these they soon added two cockerels and six hundred eggs of the Blanchard strain, and the hens thus obtained gave them much better satisfaction as layers than the Wyekoffs. The Blanchard strain of White Leghorns, therefore, are the kind they have kept ever since.

**BUILDINGS.**

Meanwhile, to accommodate their birds, they erected a monitor-top brooder house 20x46 feet, over a cellar 12x20 feet. The cellar is employed for an incubator room and the upper floor for brooding purposes. The capacity of the brooders is a total eighteen hundred chickens. The temperature in the building is regulated by an automatic hot-water plant.

Altogether, including the parks, about five acres of land are now occupied. The main hen-house, 28x240 feet, is constructed of one-inch hemlock lumber, the walls being covered on the outside by three layers of heavy building paper and sealed on the inside. A floor of cement is laid the entire length of the building. In the first apartment, 10x28 feet, the food for the fowls is prepared and such articles as are in everyday use kept. Adjoining this is a store room 28x20 feet. The remaining space, 28x200 feet, has an alley four feet wide, running through the centre, on both sides of which are twenty compartments, each 12x20 feet, and capable of accommodating about fifty hens. These pens communicate with individual outdoor runs about 20x200 feet; they are surrounded by poultry netting, and the partitions between the pens inside the house are also composed of netting.

**ONLY TWO-YEAR-OLD**

hens are used for breeders, and in order to obtain the finest stock possible Mr. Wood has his yearling hens mated by an expert judge about the first of March each year. Those possessing the best egg records, including standard requirements, are selected from the pens and placed in company with vigorous, active cockerels that are well marked. These cockerels are kept with every fifty hens. The balance of the hens are kept for layers, and with these no cockerels are allowed.

**THE INCUBATORS**

are started about the first of April, and during April and May of the present year 2500 chicks were hatched. Patent incubators are used, and on an average ninety-one per cent. of the eggs hatch. At the end of the twenty-first day the incubators are opened and the trays removed. All the ventilators are then opened and the heat run down to 98° or 100°, leaving the chicks without food or water until the next day. By that time they are strong and active and in good condition to remove to the brooders. This is done without chilling them.

Here they are treated to a little warm water, followed by mica grit, oak flakes and some millet seed. Thus kept until a week old, they are fed one meal a day of high-grade meat scraps and another of green food until they can be let out of doors. From 90° to 85° is the temperature maintained in the brooders, while that of the brooding house, to which the chicks are taken after a short time, is about 75°. As soon as strong enough the chicks are removed, if the weather permits, to small outdoor yards, and subsequently given free range of the fields. About the first of August the cockerels are sorted out and, except a few of the best, which are kept to sell for breeding purposes, placed on the market, while the pullets with the arrival of cold weather are put into the hen-house for laying. By having them hatched out not earlier than the first of April, none of them mount in the fall like old hens, as they otherwise would, and they therefore make good winter layers.

**NO HENS ARE KEPT**

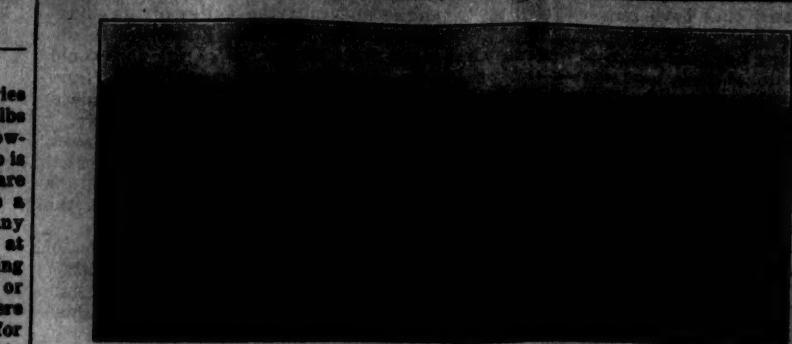
after they are two years old. The aim is to have the best layers that can be obtained, the eggs from which are mostly marketed in New York and Albany. Pains are taken to pack them properly, and as a result they sell at fancy prices. They are largely handled by commission men, though some go direct to private families, and occasionally fetch as high as fifty cents a dozen. During the season of hatching Mr. Wood also dispenses of many eggs for setting, filling orders from cities in several different States.

**A LIGHT BREAKFAST,**

consisting of corn, buckwheat and oats in equal parts by measure, is given all the hens in the morning. Every fifty birds receive about one quart, which is thrown among the straw on the floor in their pens. The next course is made up of mangel wurtzel beets, cut in halves and placed on the floor; these are followed by good, fresh water, slightly warmed in winter to drink. They are thereby kept very busy until about eleven o'clock, when a mash, composed of equal parts of corn meal, oatmeal and bran by measure, including about three-quarters of a pound of oil meal and three pounds of beef scraps, with a quantity of cut clover, to every one hundred birds, is made by turning it to boiling water and allowing it to steam for thirty minutes; a handful of salt and a quantity of water or milk—enough to produce a crumbly state is then added, and the mixture placed in troughs where the hens are allowed to eat it for ten or fifteen minutes. At night they have mixed grains given in the same manner as for breakfast.

**MICA GRIT.**

and oyster shells are kept where they can get to them at all times. Needless to say, their quarters are kept very clean, as well as the pens out of which they eat and drink. Truth to tell, the drinking fountains are raised about two feet from the floor, so that the hens have to fly up when thirsty; in this way very little foul matter gets into the water. To guard against lice, kerosene and crude carbolic acid are freely made use of.

**Horticultural.****Fall and Winter Bulbs.**

MAIN HEN HOUSE OF WOODSIDE POULTRY FARM.

At this season of the year many inquiries are made as to the proper classes of bulbs and plants which to secure for winter flowering, and it is always well for one who is desirous of securing these plants that are suitable for quarters at hand to make a study of varieties. There are so many beautiful bulbs which one can secure at this time for full outdoor ground planting that will either make an early spring or summer appearance, and then again, there are other bulbs which one can secure for indoor blooming, and if planted now in pots or boxes, can be of value to one who the spring approaches.

A great many gardeners are raising the winter-blooming roses. There are so many varieties that one can enjoy a great many. Roses to be strong must be reported now, as the season for them is rapidly advancing, and in order to keep them in the best condition to bloom regularly and give plenty of lovely buds and flowers all winter, especial care should be taken at this time. A great many tea roses, jacquemints and ramblers are engaged for just such planting. There are so many bulbs if one has a list to select from, it is hardly possible in so short an article as this to mention those most desirable.

The new winter-blooming oxalis is an exceedingly beautiful plant, and one of the finest flowers for pot culture ever introduced. It makes nice, bushy plants, with deep red stems and bright green foliage. It is in bloom from October to June. Then there are tulips of all kinds, single and double, that must be thought of at this time. The sweet-scented tulip for bedding and pot culture should be thought of at this season and proper selection should be made. This is a popular flower, the tulip, is usually in bloom by Decoration Day. There are a large variety of tulips which one must make a study of in order to secure the best settings and effects.

The hyacinths are the most useful and popular of all hardy bulbs. They come in many lovely shades and are exceedingly beautiful and fragrant. When planted in the open ground in the fall they bloom very early in the spring, and for house culture in pots they surpass all other flowers for beauty and delightful fragrance. They are among the easiest of all flowers to grow, and are absolutely sure to bloom. There is a very large variety of them, and beautiful effects can be had either for pot use or for bedding. There is quite a demand now for the Japanese fern balls. These pretty Japanese bulbs have proved very attractive to flower lovers, and there is always a very large demand for them. They are raised in Japan from a special variety of Mountain Fern growing in that country, and though they are brown and dry when received, they require only heat and moisture to start to lively growth. Set in a saucer or plate partially filled with water, and keep in a warm room, and they will soon be covered with a handsome growth of lovely emerald green fronds. They require no potting or soil, only keep warm and moist, and they will do well.

The winter-blooming oxalis are the true winter-blooming kind, and they are absolutely unequalled for pots, baskets, vases, window boxes, etc. They begin blooming very quickly, and continue to throw out their lovely buds and blossoms every day all winter.

There are so many other very desirable bulbs and plants suitable for house and winter culture, that one has much to content oneself with during the long cold spell. The fringed Chinese primrose is a very beautiful flowering begonia. There is another plant called the new Chinese peach-blossom that is attracting considerable attention; then again, the ever-blooming dwarf calily ill in all its varieties, is especially desirable.

The asparagus plant is now raised in great varieties. One of the most striking novelties in the farm line for some time is the new ostrich-plum fern. It is a strong, vigorous grower and resembles the Boston fern in some ways, but the fronds are much broader and heavier and more feathery, and they arch over in an equally graceful manner, showing with the young growth two shades of green, producing a lovely, mossy effect, which adds greatly to the beauty of the plant. It is a quick, rapid grower, not subject to insects, and can be depended upon to make a satisfactory showing. The winter-blooming oxalis are the true winter-blooming kind, and they are absolutely unequalled for pots, baskets, vases, window boxes, etc. They begin blooming very quickly, and continue to throw out their lovely buds and blossoms every day all winter.

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## MASSACHUSETTS FARMER

TELEPHONE NO. 3707 MAIN.

Andy Carnegie wants an epitaph with a big, big D, and no abbreviation.

It is to be hoped that the men will be temperate and not wear tight corsets.

Some of the naval officers, it is said, would like to see Bonaparte exiled to St. Helena.

Margherita, the daisy dowager queen of Italy, is coming to this city. Fortunate Boston.

Mayor Collins died in harness. Perhaps that is the best way to go when all is said and done.

There is at least one official in Washington who is doing good and he is not there for Keepsakes.

Alice Roosevelt is a republican princess with no royal airs about her. She is the daughter of her father.

The hoopskirt has arrived in New York and many people are wishing that it may not roll in this direction.

It does not prove that Battling Nelson was a descendant of the hero of Trafalgar, even if he did put up a good fight.

If you don't want to be a poor fellow don't be a good fellow. This is Roskeller's advice, or at least the substance of it.

The shoes of George Washington were of the same size as those of M. Witte. Great men's understandings are much alike always.

Man is the creature of circumstance after all. Mr. Whelton never expected to be mayor of the old Puritan city of Boston at the age of thirty-three.

Overcoats and straw hats went together this week. The New England climate is peculiar, but it gives that variety which is the spice of life.

Baron Komura's illness in New York has been much regretted. He is one of the blessed peacemakers that ought to have long life and prosperity.

The American Press Humorists Association will hold its next convention in the Quaker City. That's right. There Penn was always mightier than the sword.

It is not easy for even rich people to get a berth, so say the returning European tourists. The biggest steamships have a limit to their capacity for accommodating passengers.

The foreign import trade is steadily increasing in Japan, and yet some of its rebellious citizens are not happy. The remainder of the civilized world, however, is not complaining.

Capt. Richard P. Hobson is to run for Congress way down in Alabama. If woman suffrage prevailed there he would certainly be elected, though he is no longer a kissing hero.

With a grand nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee and a grandson of Ulysses S. Grant on President Roosevelt's personal staff, the blue and the gray are harmonious colors. They make a happy union.

Tom Lawson said a bright thing about the gates ajar in connection with the lamented death of Mayor Collins. It was one of those unpremeditated verbal felicities that strikes home.

A woman in New York city has been living for years on forged checks, but now there has been a legal check put on her proceedings. The law is always interfering with the industrious crook.

It is said that Buddha, the holy and benevolent, had much to do with the settlement of peace. If this is true, it teaches Christians an important lesson. The Buddhists may be the good Samaritans of the Far East.

One would think that the schoolhouse ought to be ready for occupation after a nearly three months' vacation, but city work moves slowly, and puts one in mind of Shakspeare's boy creeping unwillingly to school.

Mayor Collins, great as is the appreciation of his merit, is hardly estimated at his true value today. The poet says in regard to great men: "As dying limbs are lengthened out in death, so grows the stature of their after fame."

China is not such an exclusive country as has been represented. Alice Roosevelt has been received by the dower empress of the celestial kingdom in a motherly manner that shows there is no danger of their attending a tea fight together.

If Norway does not want to be a republic she might attend a bargain sale of princes and select a king, and thus avoid the campaign of good men that usually attends presidential elections. However, it is easier to get rid of a President than it is to dethrone a man who wears the round and top of even limited sovereignty.

Some of the features of the Worcester fair were not only novel and attractive, but likewise of special interest and instructive value to farmers. We do not know who is responsible for the new features, but they resemble the working out of certain of the pet ideas of Secretary Ellsworth of the State board, who believed that a fair may be made popular and successful without sacrificing its value as a help to the farmers. To conduct a clean, useful agricultural fair that shall pay its own way, is the problem, one which seems on the way to being solved.

Not far from the truth is Professor Bailey's copulation that the men who are out of work are mostly those who are looking for a "job with no work in it." Those who are good for anything at real work do not need to look far after it anywhere in this country. A popular writer, usually sensible enough to know better, has published a postcard bewailing "so many churches, so many creeds," and the homeless poor starving for bread. In these busy times such stuff makes the world-be-employer of labor a bit weary. Of course there are people unable to work because of illness or age, and such cases seem to be pretty well looked after by organized char-

ity and by well disposed people whether within the churches or outside of them. But with employers everywhere eager to exchange the needed bread for any sort of useful labor, there is seldom the real need of a choice between want and charity.

In boom times prices advance. The rule applies to all commodities from the steel, copper and oil of the trusts, to the hard-earned produce of the farm. Wholesale milk prices being fixed by contract are in danger of forming the exception to the rule, unless the producers insist resolutely upon an advance in line with the general markets. The one-half cent per can increase proposed by the directors of the Boston shipper's company is certainly very moderate, less than one-sixteenth of a cent per quart, a sum which does not begin to cover even the extra trouble and expense which the contractors behind the Board of Health have brought upon the movement through the new rules. These rules, now more rigidly enforced than formerly, together with the working of the Knapp system of shipment, have given the contractors a far better and more even supply of better keeping and better selling milk than ever before. This slight consideration alone amply justifies the slight advance asked for. Had the directors insisted upon a larger rise, say two cents per can, the general situation would have made their position a strong one. The very small increase actually demanded ought to be conceded without objection or delay.

The apple growers of western Massachusetts are planning to organize for protection in marketing apples through communication. Many of them claim to have received unfair treatment and they wish to have a law enacted to enable them to get prompt reparation of sales and to make investigation when desired. Some of the returns received by nearly all shippers are exasperating beyond measure, as, for instance, a few postage stamps in return for a lot of fruit, or, worse still, a bill of excess expense for a carload of apples exported (last year). It is well known in the trade that such results are unavoidable under certain conditions. On the other hand is the possibility of fraud, and the habit of many otherwise excellent firms of treating small or occasional shippers with scant attention, and sales as now made can hardly be investigated by the shippers. A business of this kind really needs a State inspector with authority to take records at any time and to investigate sales; a rather difficult matter to arrange by law, but probably not impossible. A law proposed last winter provided for prompt reports to shippers of receipts and condition of goods and sales as soon as made. This measure was opposed by the dealers, but it appears a step in the right direction.

There is too much human nature in communication men, honorable as they are as a class, to make it safe to have them without all practicable means of supervision.

A Money Crop. Choke popping corn is sold to Boston consumers at six to ten cents per pound in the East. There is a big gap between these figures and the price paid producers, who nowadays are mostly Western farmers. These receive only about \$25 per ton, from which are deducted freight and commission; but retailers charge at rates even amounting to \$150 per ton, a profit all out of reason. The big consumers, of course, obtain lower rates, and these really consume the bulk of the crop, using it for the making of popcorn confection in its various forms. Several Boston concerns consume enormous quantities of it, popping it wholesale by machinery, and mixing it up with glucose and packing in cake form wrapped in oiled paper and put away in fancy boxes.

The produce ought to get a larger share of the profits made from the popcorn crop. In localities thickly settled near large towns a great deal of popcorn might be peddled out to consumers if the Eastern farmers would raise it for that purpose. It pops better if kept a year before selling. Boston dealers buy considerable popcorn that can be shown to be free of mixture and pay for it quite a little above the market price.

Plant Business Ornaments.

The general rule is to plant the leading business variety of the section, and not much of anything else. In a Ben Davis region plant Ben Davis. In a Newtowne Pippin region select main trees of that choice variety. In the Baldwin belt raise Baldwins, and so on.

Not only is the variety sure to succeed when it has been so thoroughly tried, but it can be marketed to better advantage and the dealers know what it stands for when grown in its favorite home and they understand just what to do with it. Mixed orchards are a nuisance from a business point of view. A few trees of miscellaneous varieties around the home grounds are well enough, but not likely to add much to the cash income. But a solid block of a leading commercial kind will be likely to find whatever market there may be. Other kinds may be grown successfully; but where is the gain? In most parts of New England for instance, the Baldwin is the leader, and most growers in that section would be well off if every tree were of that variety. Other kinds may do as well, but they are pretty sure to be harder to sell to full advantage. Hence, why grow other kinds?

There are exceptions. Some localities have a reputation and fitness for a kind of apple not generally growing in the vicinity. Other localities have a special kind of market and should cater to it. Early kinds, like the Williams and Duchesne, often pay best near our large cities where they can be placed quickly on the market. But in general it is much safer to plant the standard variety and let others mix their trees or test new kinds.

Tuberculosis Prevented.

What about vaccination to prevent tuberculosis, an idea that was advanced two years ago? They are still working on the problem quietly and modestly at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station. Dr. Pearson is unwilling to make any claims on this important matter until he is sure of his ground.

It has been proved at least that cattle can be protected for a time by means of vaccination, but whether the protection is lasting is yet to be determined.

The cattle in the experiments were first tested with tuberculin to make sure they were free from the disease. Then part of them were vaccinated with a special culture obtained from a human consumptive and part were left unvaccinated. The cattle were then exposed in all sorts of ways: herded with sick animals and young even inoculated with the germs of a violent case of the disease. All the cattle not vaccinated became very sick with the disease, while the

vaccinated ones have remained well up to this time.

The idea has been advanced by some who have watched these tests that possibly the milk of the protected cattle may prove to have protective qualities. If so, the sale of medicinal milk of this kind may sometime become a novel but profitable side branch of dairying. The possibilities of the protection idea in its future application to human consumptives are very great, but as yet not even the cattle vaccination method has been fully worked to a practicable condition.

A Reformatory Measure.

It is to be supposed that many of our readers are familiar with the movement that has been made in London to reform drunkards by awakening their self-respect.

Intoxicated men are not allowed to ride out of the British capital on the trains used by sober and sedate people. Those who have passed a night in revelry are put on trains that are called the drunkards' express, and the too bibulous go to their destinations embalmed in the sweat that hangs round them still after they have partaken of "potions, potte deep." They literally go rolling home, without afflicting anybody with their incoherent talk but their companions in misery, and when they wake up with a headache in the morning, the least degraded of them naturally feel ashamed of the society, not of their own immediate choosing, in which they were in the night before. They are apt to think that they have been in a locomotive house of correction and, like the Bowery victims, they resolve not to go there any more.

So it will be seen that in a reformatory sense these trains are a success. They are better than all the medicinal remedies prescribed for dipsomania, and the gold cure has not a leg to stand on when the wheels of the drunkards express are consider-

The awakening of self-respect is the first step to be taken in the reformation of the over-indulger in strong drink. When that is taken the rest is easy, for loss of time makes a man continue in an inebriate's career. He could easily overcome his appetite for spirituous stimulants if he reflected on the folly of his course, which is apt to have a practical application if he realizes early enough the depths to which his convivial associates have sunk.

And what a blessing drunkards' express must be to the men and women who have been annoyed by having for transit neighbors those whose breath do not suggest Araby the Blest, but rather the atmosphere of the black hole of Calcutta. Suburbanites in this vicinity on a Saturday night, when they have tried all the week to be good, would like to realize something of a like felicity.

The Boston &amp; Maine's Progress.

The proposed improvement in the equipment of the Boston &amp; Maine Railroad, as set forth in its seventy-second annual report for the year ending June 30, 1863, is an indication that its management is thoroughly alive to the demands that will be made on the road in the future. It is constantly growing business shows the necessity of changes, which will be for the benefit of the stockholders and for the accommodation and convenience of the business and traveling public.

To pay for these improvements in the system the directors are to issue treasury stock which will supply \$5,000,000 for new freight equipment and \$3,700,000 for other desired changes. Without sufficient capital no enterprise can continue to progress, and this is fully realized by those who have the continued prosperity of the Boston &amp; Maine at heart.

Its gross earnings, according to the semi-annually satisfactory report, were much larger for the year recently closed than they were for the one before. The statement concerning the operating expenses show skilful financial handling, and, indeed, there is little difference in the charges for two years, and it is significant that while the gross earnings of the company for five years have increased \$4,425,214 the charges and dividends are only \$392,746 greater for the same period. This is a remarkable showing that should attract general attention. The road earned for the year gross \$35,500,854, an increase of \$1,220,42.

President Lucius Tuttie gives some information concerning the road that will be of value to all interested in New England facilities for transportation. He says: "Of the 2326 miles of road now operated on the Boston &amp; Maine Railroad, all except 122 miles in the State of New York and thirty-eight miles in the Dominion of Canada lie within the States of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. It is, therefore, a distinctively New England enterprise, and the results of its operations for any considerable number of consecutive years furnish not only reliable data upon which its own business vitality may be satisfactorily determined, but, in like manner, epitomize and illustrate the growth and vitality of the varied and extensive New England industry upon which its stability and prosperity so largely depend." This is exceedingly well said, and in a brief space furnishes abundant food for thought for leading spirits in the wide-awake communities which are brought into close connection by the unsurpassed railroad facilities furnished by the Boston &amp; Maine, and we are pleased to know that they have not yet attained to their utmost development. What we have is good, but better is yet to come.

Official Gravest.

Public offices are never run as economically as private ones, but the United States Government printing office has been carried on with an extravagance that passes comprehension, except on the grounds that some people were deliberately trying to cheat abominably, because they were free from immediate supervision.

According to the Keep Commission, which investigated the affairs of the office, it has cost the national government over one hundred per cent. more to do a certain amount of work than it would a private establishment run on strictly business principles. And the time consumed in the job was three times as long as it would be in the hands of honest printers, who have never been fed on public pay.

And the laxness, too, in purchasing material is astonishing even in this age of graft according to the same document, for in the purchase of blotting paper there was bare-faced fraud apparently in inducing the Government to purchase type-setting machines, inventions that were favored by employees, and who greatly exaggerated the amount of work that could be done by a machine which they wished to see adopted, while another one in which they had no interest was greatly misrepresented.

The cattle in the experiments were first tested with tuberculin to make sure they were free from the disease. Then part of them were vaccinated with a special culture obtained from a human consumptive and part were left unvaccinated. The cattle were then exposed in all sorts of ways: herded with sick animals and young even inoculated with the germs of a violent case of the disease. All the cattle not vaccinated became very sick with the disease, while the

and economically the desks of his office. He was at the head of a printing establishment, and the cost of maintaining could not be maintained by any one outside of Government control. It seemed to be a place where money was literally thrown away.

The investigation came much too soon, and it is natural that it was not started before, for there have long been rumors of the predicted waste of the public money in the Government printing house.

This revolution is a real illustration of the fact that too many people regard lightly the practice of getting the lead in the public purse, and seem to think that dishonesty is no sin if it is not found out.

American Farm Products in Europe.

Since coming from America and during my residence of about a quarter century in England, I have watched with keen interest the ebb and flow of our exports of farm and dairy products to Great Britain. This country was and is today the best foreign market in the world for our surplus food-stuffs. Less than ten years ago it was a common remark among merchants here that the American farmer fed the English people. Today, Britain is no longer dependent upon us for so much as a bushel of wheat, a barrel of apples, a pound of butter, bacon or cheese.

The advice given to American growers on the packing and selection of apples for the European market by G. A. Cochran is invaluable. The English are making strenuous efforts to gain hold of the apple market here. Last year fine samples of their orchard fruits were exhibited at all our fairs. None but the soundest and best fruit should be sent here. Such was realized in this city last season at eight to twelve cents a pound, according to variety. Our farmers should keep their cider and windfall apples at home. A barrel or box, containing large or small fruit mixed means a ruinous price.

There is unquestionably a growing sentiment here in favor of preferential trade, particularly with Canada. Bristol is an important centre of distribution for imported food-stuffs. Over a million and fifty thousand tons of shipping engaged in foreign trade arrived at our docks last year, bringing twenty-six and a half million bushels of cereals, five thousand tons of butter, eighteen thousand tons of cheese. American farmers supplied but an insignificant portion of these imports. Not a single ship bearing the American flag has entered this port since 1863. Verify our foreign trade seems dependent on the British ship.

I am afraid you may regard me as a pessimist, and infer that such an individual should go westward rather than remain so near the older fatalists who have come out of the Orient. I have not overlooked the fact that our farmers have a growing home market, but we have all through New England neglected farms, and many under wretched cultivation. I saw them in 1902, and I also heard the farmers' complaint of the scarcity of labor, while the parks and streets of large cities were well filled with idlers; able-bodied loafers filled nearly every seat in the squares of New York, and at night they lined up near large bakeries and waiting for unsold bread to be given them; but you will have to change all this. Americans have much to learn yet from old crowded Europe.—J. H. P., Bristol, England.

Turtle Farming in Japan.

A Japanese professor recently traveling in the United States gave interesting facts concerning the raising of aquatic animals and plants. To the United States he gives the credit of being the leader in bold scientific efforts to replenish old fishing grounds and to create new ones; but Japan, with its twenty thousand miles of coastline, its bays and estuaries, inlets and straits, with its rich fauna of marine organisms everywhere, with its dense population subsisting largely upon vegetables and fish, is peculiarly adapted to the culture of sea life, and it need hardly occasion surprise to learn that the oyster raising of Hiroshima and the algae culture of Tokio Bay are well established industries and have been carried on for hundreds of years.

The place occupied by the diamond back terrapin in America and by the green turtle in England is taken by the "suppon," or snapping turtle, in Japan, but the Japanese spleen has the advantage over his brothers in other lands in that he has no fear of the supply of his favorite aquatic delicacy being exhausted, thanks to the successful efforts of Mr. Hattori, whose farms have been brought to so high a state of perfection that he is able to turn out tens of thousands of turtles every year.

The farm belonging to this family lies near Tokio and was originally reclaimed from the sea. Aside from his occupation as farmer, the father of the present Hattori has collected the collecting and selling of river fish to be a profitable undertaking, and almost two-thirds of a century ago he conceived the idea of cultivating "suppon," although no definite action was taken for many years.

In 1865 the first large turtle was caught, and from that time additions were made until, in 1874, the number had reached fifty, all healthy, and with a proper proportion of males and females. One of the first difficulties presenting itself was the unnatural appetite of the adults for their young, making it necessary to protect the latter from their parents. Under these conditions the present system of cultivation was gradually evolved.

In general appearance a turtle farm consists of a number of rectangular ponds, the larger ones having an area of from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand square feet and a depth not to exceed three feet, a plank wall being constructed around the outside to prevent the escape of the captives. Three or four feet of slope above the water, surrounded by a shelf reaching back to the wall, affords the turtles an opportunity to come out of the water if they desire. The bottom of the pond is covered with soft, dark mud, several inches thick, where the "suppon" may retire to pass the winter.

One of the largest of the ponds is reserved for the breeding individuals or parents. The newly hatched first-year and second-year turtles must also have ponds of their own. The female parent deposits her eggs in a hole which she has dug in the bank above the water line, the number varying from seventeen up to twenty-eight or more. The time required for hatching is about sixty days, although it may vary twenty days either way. The period of egg deposition extends from late in May to the middle of August.

One of the most important problems in turtle farming is that of food supply, the chief difficulties being placed on "shiofuk," which dried sea-scorpions, silkworms, dried wheat, and young fish. The best market days for turtle meat are the first of the month, the 15th, 25th, and 30th.

Day of Atonement occurs Oct. 8, 1863, when prime stock of all kinds is wanted, and young roosters. Buying will be most active from Oct. 3 to 6. Feast of Tabernacles (Oct. 14 and 15, 1863), follows, and fowls, turkeys, ducks and geese. The best market days will be Oct. 20, 25 and 27.

Day of Atonement occurs Oct. 8, 1863, when prime stock of all kinds is wanted, and particularly spring chickens and young roosters. Buying will be most active from Oct. 3 to 6. Feast of Tabernacles (

## The Markets.

## BOSTON LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

## ARRIVALS OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON.

For the week ending Sept. 20, 1903.

	Stocks	Live Stock
Last week	4,662	123
This week	5,766	21,074
One year ago	11,032	21,074

Cattle Sheep Butchers Fat Hogs Veal

Last week 4,662 123 20,265 162

This week 5,766 21,074 186

One year ago 11,032 21,074 162

Cattle Sheep

MASSACHUSETTS Nims &amp; Holbrook 36

At Watertown, 36

J. S. Henry 36

O. H. Purcell 36

At Brighton, 36

J. S. Henry 36

B. L. Libby 36

H. A. Gilmore 36

Scattering 36

M. A. French 36

J. Gould 36

W. Zoller 36

D. D. Miller 36

L. Stinson 36

A. Wheedon 36

G. N. Smith 36

O. H. Purcell 36

J. O'Brien 36

S. E. Weston 36

T. J. Moreton 36

A. M. Bagg 36

At Watertown, 36

Vermont 36

E. G. Piper 36

A. P. Needham 36

M. A. French 36

J. S. Henry 36

J. S. Henry 36

At Brighton, 36

Vermont 36

E. G. Piper 36

A. P. Needham 36

M. A. French 36

J. S. Henry 36

At Watertown, 36

Wood &amp; Wallace 36

Wood &amp; Wallace 36

Cattle Sheep

PRICES ON NORTHERN CATTLE.

Extra, \$2.00@3.75; first quality, \$2.20@3.50; second quality, \$1.80@2.50; third quality, \$1.50@2.25; a few choice single pairs, \$2.50@3.25; some of the poorest bulls, \$1.40@2.25. Western steers, \$2.75@3.25.

Store cattle—Farrow cows, \$2.00@2.25; two-year-olds, \$1.80@2.25; two-year-olds, \$1.60@2.00; three-year-olds, \$2.00@2.25.

Sheep—Per pound, live weight, 2.50@4.00; extra, 4.00@5.00; lamb, \$2.00@2.50.

Fat Hogs—Per pound, Western, \$2.40; live weight, shoted, \$2.00@2.50; retail, \$2.50@3.00; country-dressed hogs, \$2.00@2.50.

Veal Calves—\$2.00@2.50.

Hides—Brighton, 11@14@16@18@20@22@24@26@28@30@32@34@36@38@40@42@44@46@48@50@52@54@56@58@60@62@64@66@68@70@72@74@76@78@80@82@84@86@88@90@92@94@96@98@100@102@104@106@108@110@112@114@116@118@120@122@124@126@128@130@132@134@136@138@140@142@144@146@148@150@152@154@156@158@160@162@164@166@168@170@172@174@176@178@180@182@184@186@188@190@192@194@196@198@200@202@204@206@208@210@212@214@216@218@220@222@224@226@228@230@232@234@236@238@240@242@244@246@248@250@252@254@256@258@260@262@264@266@268@270@272@274@276@278@280@282@284@286@288@290@292@294@296@298@298@300@302@304@306@308@310@312@314@316@318@320@322@324@326@328@330@332@334@336@338@340@342@344@346@348@350@352@354@356@358@360@362@364@366@368@370@372@374@376@378@380@382@384@386@388@390@392@394@396@398@398@400@402@404@406@408@408@410@412@414@416@418@420@422@424@426@428@430@432@434@436@438@440@442@444@446@448@450@452@454@456@458@460@462@464@466@468@470@472@474@476@478@480@482@484@486@488@490@492@494@496@498@498@500@502@504@506@508@510@512@514@516@518@520@522@524@526@528@530@532@534@536@538@540@542@544@546@548@550@552@554@556@558@560@562@564@566@568@570@572@574@576@578@580@582@584@586@588@590@592@594@596@598@598@600@602@604@606@608@610@612@614@616@618@620@622@624@626@628@630@632@634@636@638@640@642@644@646@648@650@652@654@656@658@660@662@664@666@668@670@672@674@676@678@680@682@684@686@688@690@692@694@696@698@698@700@702@704@706@708@710@712@714@716@718@720@722@724@726@728@730@732@734@736@738@740@742@744@746@748@750@752@754@756@758@760@762@764@766@768@770@772@774@776@778@780@782@784@786@788@790@792@794@796@798@798@800@802@804@806@808@810@812@814@816@818@820@822@824@826@828@830@832@834@836@838@840@842@844@846@848@850@852@854@856@858@860@862@864@866@868@870@872@874@876@878@880@882@884@886@888@890@892@894@896@898@898@900@902@904@906@908@910@912@914@916@918@920@922@924@926@928@930@932@934@936@938@940@942@944@946@948@950@952@954@956@958@960@962@964@966@968@970@972@974@976@978@980@982@984@986@988@990@992@994@996@998@998@1000@1002@1004@1006@1008@1010@1012@1014@1016@1018@1020@1022@1024@1026@1028@1030@1032@1034@1036@1038@1040@1042@1044@1046@1048@1050@1052@1054@1056@1058@1060@1062@1064@1066@1068@1070@1072@1074@1076@1078@1080@1082@1084@1086@1088@1090@1092@1094@1096@1098@1098@1100@1102@1104@1106@1108@1110@1112@1114@1116@1118@1120@1122@1124@1126@1128@1130@1132@1134@1136@1138@1140@1142@1144@1146@1148@1150@1152@1154@1156@1158@1160@1162@1164@1166@1168@1170@1172@1174@1176@1178@1180@1182@1184@1186@1188@1190@1192@1194@1196@1198@1198@1200@1202@1204@1206@1208@1210@1212@1214@1216@1218@1220@1222@1224@1226@1228@1230@1232@1234@1236@1238@1240@1242@1244@1246@1248@1250@1252@1254@1256@1258@1260@1262@1264@1266@1268@1270@1272@1274@1276@1278@1280@1282@1284@1286@1288@1290@1292@1294@1296@1298@1298@1300@1302@1304@1306@1308@1310@1312@1314@1316@1318@1320@1322@1324@1326@1328@1330@1332@1334@1336@1338@1340@1342@1344@1346@1348@1350@1352@1354@1356@1358@1360@1362@1364@1366@1368@1370@1372@1374@1376@1378@1380@1382@1384@1386@1388@1390@1392@1394@1396@1398@1398@1400@1402@1404@1406@1408@1410@1412@1414@1416@1418@1420@1422@1424@1426@1428@1430@1432@1434@1436@1438@1440@1442@1444@1446@1448@1450@1452@1454@1456@1458@1460@1462@1464@1466@1468@1470@1472@1474@1476@1478@1480@1482@1484@1486@1488@1490@1492@1494@1496@1498@1498@1500@1502@1504@1506@1508@1510@1512@1514@1516@1518@1520@1522@1524@1526@1528@1530@1532@1534@1536@1538@1540@1542@1544@1546@1548@1550@1552@1554@1556@1558@1560@1562@1564@1566@1568@1570@1572@1574@1576@1578@1580@1582@1584@1586@1588@1590@1592@1594@1596@1598@1598@1600@1602@1604@1606@1608@1610@1612@1614@1616@1618@1620@1622@1624@1626@1628@1630@1632@1634@1636@1638@1640@1642@1644@1646@1648@1650@1652@1654@1656@1658@1660@1662@1664@1666@1668@1670@1672@1674@1676@1678@1680@1682@1684@1686@1688@1690@1692@1694@1696@1698@1698@1700@1702@1704@1706@1708@1710@1712@1714@1716@1718@1720@1722@1724@1726@1728@1730@1732@1734@1736@1738@1740@1742@1744@1746@1748@1750@1752@1754@1756@1758@1760@1762@1764@1766@1768@1770@1772@1774@1776@1778@1780@1782@1784@1786@1788@1790@1792@1794@1796@1798@1798@1800@1802@1804@1806@1808@1810@1812@1814@1816@1818@1820@1822@1824@1826@1828@1830@1832@1834@1836@1838@1840@1842@1844@1846@1848@1850@1852@1854@1856@1858@1860@1862@1864@1866@1868@1870@1872@1874@1876@1878@1880@1882@1884@1886@1888@1890@1892@1894@1896@1898@1898@1900@1902@1904@1906@1908@1910@1912@1914@1916@1918@1920@1922@1924@1926@1928@1930@1932@1934@1936@1938@1940@1942@1944@1946@1948@1950@1952@1954@1956@1958@1960@1962@1964@1966@1968@1970@1972@1974@1976@1978@1980@1982@1984@1986@1988@1990@1992@1994@1996@1998@1998@2000@2002@2004@2006@2008@2010@2012@2014@2016@2018@2020@2022@2024@2026@2028@2030@2032@2034@2036@2038@2040@2042@2044@2046@2048@2050@2052@2054@2056@2058@2060@2062@2064@2066@2068@2070@2072@2074@2076@2078@2080@2082@2084@2086@2088@2090@2092@2094@2096@2098@2098@2100@2102@2104@2106@2108@2110@2112@2114@2116@2118@2120@2122@2124@2126@2128@2130@2132@2134@2136@2138@2140@2142@2144@2146@2148@2150@2152@2154@2156@2158@2160@2162@2164@2166@2168@2170@2172@2174@2176@2178@2180@2182@2184@2186@2188@2190@2192@2194@2196@2198@2198@2200@2202@2204@2206@2208@2210@2212@2214@2216@2218@222



## Poetry.

## A NIGHT PRAYER.

O God, O Perfect Love, I pray thee care  
For him because it is forbidden me.  
Grant that his sleep may soft and hallowed be,  
Because these prayer-clasped hands may never  
dare.

To smooth nor bles his bed. Close with Thy rare  
Cares and face in weary star-eyes. Free  
From other ward some angel guard, that he  
May keep the dark watch that I may not share.  
With Thy new day's joy his waking cot,  
Inspire him lest in weariness he slip  
Upon the day's ascent. Grant me the bliss  
Of praying for him—Lord, take a thousand coal.  
From out thy altar fire, and on the lip  
That I may never touch lay Thou its kiss.

—Elizabeth Hall Gilman, in Scribner's.

## RESIGNATION.

I.  
Be patient and be wise! The eyes of death  
Look on us with a smile: her soft caros,  
That stills the anguish and that stops the breath,  
Is nature's ordination, meant to bless  
Our mortal woes with peaceful nothingness.  
Be not afraid! The power that made the light  
In your kind eyes, and set the stars on high,  
And gave us love, meant not that all should  
die—

Like a brief day-dream, quench'd in sudden  
night.  
Think that to die is but to fall asleep  
And wake refresh'd where the new morning  
breaks,  
And golden day her rosy vigor takes  
From winds that fan eternity's far height;  
And the white crests of God's perpetual deep.

II.

"His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be,"—  
So the wise poet—wisest of mankind,—  
In admonition that should make us see,—  
Though half distraught, and in our misery  
blind.—

That our sole refuge is the constant mind,  
The steadfast purpose, brave, and strong, and  
free,  
To bear affliction, and to be resign'd—  
Knowing that ruthless Time will one day rend  
The veil that hides the deep that all must cross,  
And that the th' weight to which we tend,  
Made precious with the soul of many a friend,—  
Is richer, lovelier, holier, for our loss:  
Where crown'd with peace, as with a diadem,  
Our lov'd ones long for us, even as we long for  
them.

—William Winter.

## AS SUMMER FADES.

The moonlight shimmers on the sea;  
The sunshine gilds the rustling wood;  
The daisy blossoms on the lea;  
The robin sings a joyous mood,  
And nature chants a merry tune,  
Because 't fragrant, leafy June.  
Still shines the light of moon and sun,  
But with a warmth that fiercely sears;  
The wildflowers into weeds have run,  
And off the mercury appears  
Ambitions to attain the sky  
In speedy flight. 'Tis now July.  
A lifeless landscape greets the joy;  
The insects shun in mocking joy;  
So pleasure's charm when we are new,  
But when familiar, how they clew!  
The verdure dies upon the bough,  
The songbird sneers.  
'T is August now.  
—Washington Star.

## THE GIFT.

Fate promised me my wish, and I replied:  
"Forth for them who have no higher  
thought.  
And fame for those whose souls may so be  
bought—  
But give me love, and I am satisfied."  
I spoke, and straight one stood there at my side,  
A child of sorrow on whose face grief wrought  
Such misery as nowhere else is taught  
For man's imagining. And then I cried:  
"Oh, fair fate, beshew this for thy gulf!  
Thou sendest me this poor and sorry thing  
When it was love that I had asked of thee!"  
The grave-yet-stranger smiled—oh, such a  
smile.  
One sees but on the mask of suffering!—  
And sadly made me answer: "I am he."  
—Randall Wright Kaufman, in Tom Watson's  
Magazine.

## BUNNIES.

I know the whole crowd of young fellows,  
Who travel the run through our town,  
And some are all laughin' and smilin',  
While others are robed in a frown—  
But the one that does business, I notice,  
No matter what may be his line,  
Is the man that pours out with each measure  
A "bonus" of bubbling sunshine.  
I'm not much for readin', nor learnin',  
Nor copyin' wisdom from books;  
I ain't stuck on new fads, nor fashions,  
Nor wearin' tight shoes for their looks;  
Just jammin' your house full of money  
May seem to this age a good sign,  
But I'll leave in the old-fashioned doctrine  
Of filling your heart with sunshine.  
—Kenneth Bruce, in Four-Track News.

## Brilliants.

Lord, I am small, and yet so great,  
The whole world stands to my estate,  
And in Thine image I create.  
The sea is mine; and the broad sky  
Is mine in its immensity;  
The river and the river's gold;  
The earth's hid treasures manifold;  
The love of creatures small and great,  
Save where I reap a previous hate;  
The moon's sun with hot care,  
The sun's heat quite long.  
The wind that made the plant trees,  
The whisper of the summer breeze;  
The kiss of snow and rain; the star;  
That shines a greeting from afar;  
All, are mine; and yet so small  
Am I that to, I needs must call,  
Great King, upon the Babe in Thee,  
And crave that Thou wouldst give to me  
The grace of Thy humility.

—Michael Fairless.

The world is sweet, the world is fair,  
To those that work therein;  
It's mornings down in beauty rare,  
Its evenings tranquil fall.  
Oh high or low in its degree,  
The task our souls must share;  
If but its noble aim we see,  
The world is sweet and fair.  
The world is fresh, the world is new,  
To those that work therein;  
It seems but to the idle few,  
All stale and old with sin.  
The blessed ones of labor's clan  
Working with pure trust,  
They find the world, in God's good plan,  
Forever fresh and new.  
—Eliot D. Saunders.

Forgive us, Lord, our little faith,  
And help us all from morn till e'en  
Still to believe that lot the best  
Which is—not that which might have been."  
I have wondered at the fearless heart  
With which strong men and tender women go  
To meet great Death; but how I seem to know  
The secret of their courage. 'Tis a part  
Of their whole life, the end of all their art,  
Nature, to their souls. The steady hand now  
The void with stars, while from earth's bosom  
start.  
The lovely flowers, and there are trees and  
streams.  
And women's shoes and love's mystery.  
And all these things are influences that give  
The needed lesson. They are all forewarnings  
of the one strangeness and the last. How  
be death afraid when we have dared to live?  
—John White Chadwick, in Laser Poems.

Think truly, and thy thought  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and thy word  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life  
Shall be a great and noble deed.  
—Horatio Bober.

## Miscellaneous.

## Young Atherley's Luck.

The morning sun lay warm and clear after the  
rain of the night before, and young Atherley, as  
his horse loped easily along the wide range, sang  
aloud for very joy of light-heartedness. Out  
here, away from cities and crowds, how good life  
was.

The train was in, and Atherley hurried around  
the corner, then halted suddenly, dazled by the  
vision which confronted him. On the lower steps  
of a car near the middle of the train stood a  
girl, her hair blowing in the wind, her hands  
full of blossoms, and her face flushed with the  
heat of life. For a second nothing moved. Then as  
the voice from within called "Marion," the girl,  
with a quick flush, turned up the steps, and on the  
ground, almost at Atherley's feet, fell a pink  
rose. To spring forward, seize the flower, then  
swing aboard the last car as it passed was to  
Atherley the work of another moment. Before  
he had fairly realized it was on the train  
and speeding eastward as fast as steam could  
carry him.

Practical thoughts forced a way, and his first  
act was to take account of stock.

"Jim will take the horse back," he reasoned.  
It's all right. Luckily I have just about  
enough for my ticket to New York." Somehow  
he had decided that she lived in New York.  
"And as for meals, well, who knows what may  
turn up?" with cheerful optimism.

At the next stop he sneaked forward to the  
smoking car and sat down to think things over.  
She was certainly a mighty pretty girl! Atherley,  
feeling for the rose hidden in his breast  
pocket, concluded that he would probably not  
lose his action.

"But I've got to get busy on the food ques-  
tion."

There were three or four other men in the car  
the younger ones chattering together, and another,  
rather older, reading in a corner. All eyed him  
curiously, and Atherley had an inspiration. If  
he worked them right, assured them, told them  
queer experiences, they might supply him with  
food and drink, and as for cigars, well, he must  
husband those he had carefully. In pursuance  
of this idea he moved nearer, and soon held the  
group enthralled with his breezy frankness.

"So you really just jumped on the train  
and came in, and an older man at the station  
told you to get away?" his talk had moved  
away, "and for no other reason than that you  
wanted to see the world?" Atherley laughed  
rather shamefacedly.

"That's what I told those fellows. But I don't  
mind telling you the truth. It was—I was on  
account of a girl," he said, haltingly. The older  
man's lips twitched.

"A girl! How so?"

"I saw her on the car stop," confessed Atherley.  
"And—and I liked her," he ended lamely,  
not even to himself did he care to mention the  
rose. "I wonder if you have ever had any?" he  
added. "I have had on some kind of a  
black skirt, with a white waist, and carried some  
roses. They called her 'Marion.'

The older man started.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, "why that's my  
daughter," unlatching. Then he stopped,  
rather annoyed. A young ranchman, no master  
to person to be presented to the carefully guarded  
Marion. But Atherley was too absorbed to notice  
the hesitation.

"Your daughter!" he cried. "Really your  
daughter, oh, yes, what luck! That will save  
me an awful lot of time and trouble. I expected  
the deuce of a job in locating her. Though I  
knew that I should do it in the end," he added  
confidently. "Do you mind telling me your  
name?"

"My name?" divided between indignation  
and mirth. "I am James Arbutnot," he de-  
clared rather pomously. But Atherley was  
clearly unimpressed.

"Better and better," he cried; "I always was  
a lucky chap," joyfully. The older man leaned  
back and stared at him.

"What did you do for that?" said the inquisi-  
tive John.

"Mother gave me a lot of warm water, a pint  
at a time, or twice or three with a little  
at a time."

"What did that do for you?" said Jerry.

"I'm glad I didn't eat any poison berries!"

"I've heard dad speak of you hundreds of times.  
Billy Atherley and I've just been out look-  
ing up some properties in the West."

The older man's brow cleared somewhat.

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